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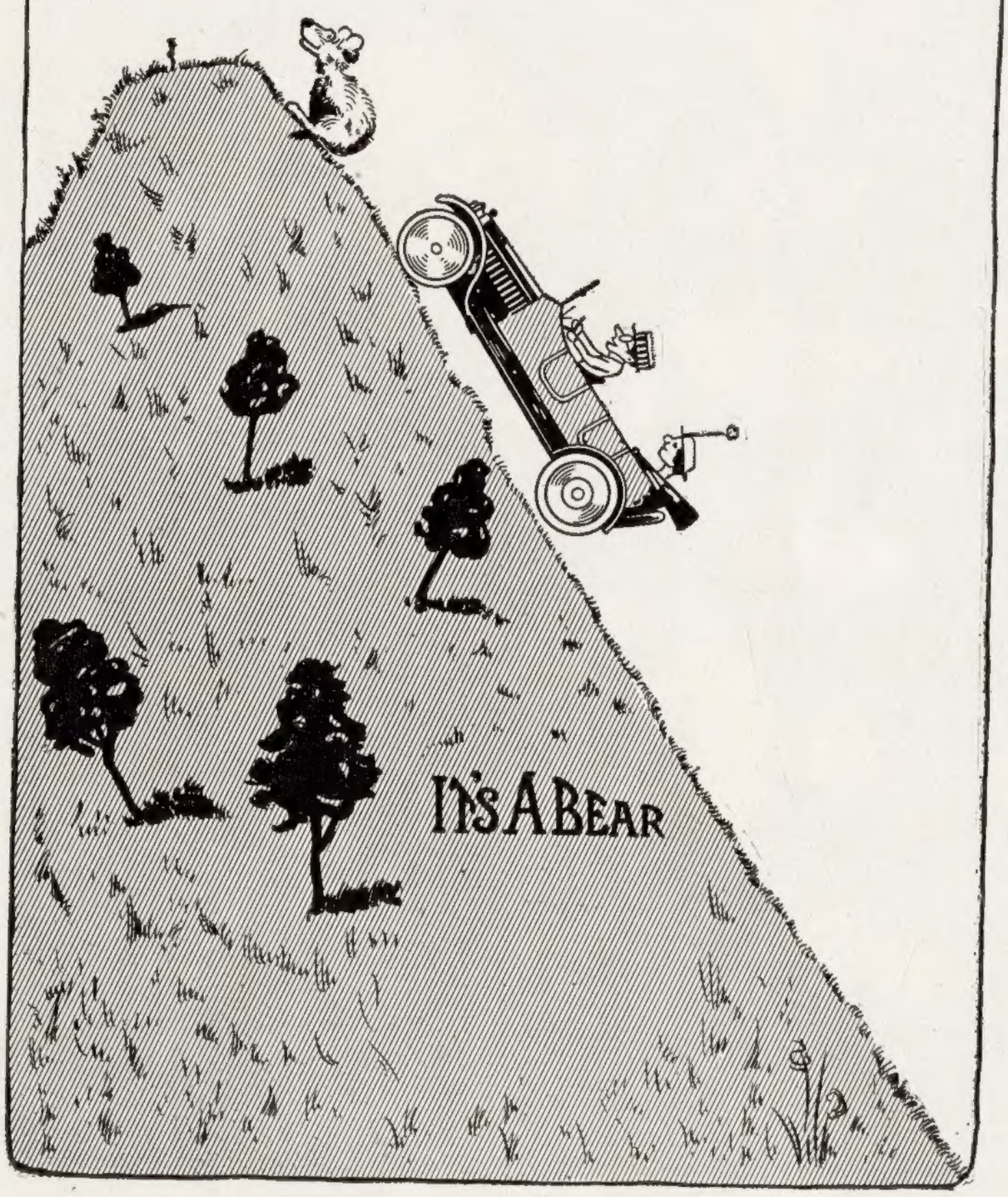

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FRIDAY, JANUARY NINETEEN, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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Literature

EDITORS { ALBERT SACHS, *Ch.*
ALTHEA WARD
CAROL RICKETTS
MARGARET JACOBY

The "Dog's" Day

By Carol A. Ricketts.

TOM waited without wondering what new sentence the boys would inflict on him. Tom Brannon was a dog of the Gamma Pi Fraternity. He was, to be sure, above the general age of a dog, but he had come only the term before to Averton High, from a school where there were no frats. He had made friends quickly and this term had been asked to join the frat.

Tom was what might be called "a lion among the ladies." But this never disturbed him much as he was very fond of Peggy, a pretty little blond, but she in her turn was not so fond of him, and much to her discredit showed him favor only when she had no other escort. There was one, though, that cared more for Tom than he knew. This was Adelaide Croftman, a girl who was not pretty, but whom one found very interesting when he knew her. Although Tom had met her, he had never paid much attention to her.

The sound of boys' laughter aroused Tom suddenly from his revery of thinking how he would take Peggy to his first frat dance.

"That's fine, Pete," said one fellow. "I'd never have thought of that in a dog's age. Take it from me some dog's going to put up a kick. Come on, let's tell him."

At last, Tom was to know. But what?

"What you thinking about, Tom, old scout?" asked one fellow. "Oh! you needn't blush, we can imagine. Wait until you hear the job we've got for you. You know, the first part of March, we're going to have a frat dance. Well, we're going to give you two tickets. Now, you needn't look so pleased. Wait until you hear the rest. Well—as I said, we'll give you two tickets and you are to take—*Adelaide Croftman.*

In the end poor Tom had to agree to ask Adelaide to the dance, and to tell no one, especially the lady in question, that he was compelled to by his frat.

This was a hard blow to the boy after having thought so long about taking the lady of his choice. There was not much to console him, Adelaide was certainly not pretty, and as far as he knew not wonderfully popular for he did not know her well enough to know how interesting she really was. And he'd surely lose what little pull he did have with Peggy, if he took any one else. He could bet anything that Pete had done it purposely, so that he'd be sure of having Peggy to take—just like him—the mean sinner.

The day following, Tom pulled himself together and walked through the corridors looking for Adelaide. The quicker it was over the better, thought Tom. Turning the corner quickly he collided with her.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Croftman. I'm very sorry."

She flushed up prettily, embarrassed at meeting him. It came to Tom suddenly that she wasn't so bad looking, but still he didn't like her, as he blamed her partly for his not being able to take Margaret (otherwise Peggy) to the dance, although poor Adelaide was in no wise to blame.

"By the way," he said, as he saw she was about to hurry on, "have you been asked to the Gamma Pi Frat dance, the ninth of March?" Inwardly he hoped she had.

Adelaide looked up, with surprise plainly written on her face. "No. Why?" she asked.

"Well—you see—I—er—I'd like to take you if you want to go," he blunted out.

"Oh!—I'd *love* to," she answered.

"Well, all right," said he. "I'll see you about it later. Must get back to my room now. Good-bye."

He hastened off, leaving a much bewildered, but happy girl. "Oh, to think he asked me, I thought surely he'd ask Margaret. Well, maybe someone else asked her, but even at that why ask me. He's hardly ever spoken to me before. Gracious, less than a minute to get to my room," and she hurried off to arrive just a few seconds late. To be sure, she got an hour's detention, but what of that, she was going to the Gamma Pi Frat dance with Tom, yes, Tom Brannon.

But Tom was not feeling so gay, far from that—here he was stuck for an hour's detention for having tried to get even with Pete. Wasn't it enough to have to take Adelaide instead of Peg, without all this—Gee—he was in hard luck.

So when Adelaide arrived at the detention room whom should she see but Tom. She smiled sweetly but Tom's only recognition was a nod of the head, and then he looked back to his book. His book, by the way, was upside down, but what cared Tom, his thoughts were far away, for he'd been planning to walk home with Peggy after school. He looked at Adelaide with a scowl, but she was not looking at him. All her fault, confound it, he mused.

As he was leaving the building after his hour was up, he saw what he called, "a cute-looking Jane," walking in front of him. She turned her face sideways to look at something, and he recognized her to be none other than Adelaide.

"Gee whiz!" he muttered. "I never noticed she looked cute before. "Guess I'll catch up with her and have a talk, since she's going my way. "Say, Adelaide, wait a minute." She turned and looked at him with surprise.

"Oh! I didn't know you were behind me," she said.

And so he walked home with her. "Well, I might be worse off than I am," he thought.

For the following afternoon he and two fellows had a date to take out three young ladies in Tom's car. When Tom arrived home that afternoon he found a letter from the young lady he was to have taken, saying that she was ill and unable to go. The date was for only an hour ahead—what a nice mess. He rushed to the 'phone and called up Peggy. But Peggy had gone out of town for the night—he might have heard the room door open and two fellows' should he take, of course he had to take someone. He thought over the list of girls he knew, but for some reason or other not one of them fitted the occasion. Well, he supposed he might as well take a chance on asking Adelaide, she'd do for once.

He found her number, called it and asked for Adelaide, corrected himself and said "Miss Croftman."

"This is Miss Croftman," answered a voice. "Who is this, please?"

"This is Tom, Tom Brannon," he answered. "I wanted to know if you would like to go riding this afternoon in my car—there are two other couples besides—"

"Oh! I'd like to," she said. "I'll ask mother." She left the 'phone but soon returned, and asked, "Who are the others?"

"Why, Tommy and Margaret, and Mary and Mac."

"Oh, that's all right, but I must be home before seven."

"Leave that to me. Expect me in about half an hour. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

That afternoon they enjoyed themselves immensely. Tom found Adelaide more interesting than he had imagined. His luck wasn't so against him, after all.

The following afternoon Adelaide stayed for class meeting and when that was over returned to her room for her hat and coat. Presently she heard the room door open and two fellow's voices.

"Gee, that's a nice thing to put over on poor Brannon." Adelaide jumped as she heard the name.

"Oh, I don't know," came the other voice. "What do you think he's a "dog" for any way? Adelaide Croftman isn't such a bad kid—might be worse." A look of astonishment and fear crept over Adelaide's face. She listened intently to the next words.

"For some people, maybe not, "resumed the first voice. "But you know Tom's crazy about that Peggy. It's a mean trick to make him lug the other around."

"Well, never mind about that. Who's that cute Jane you were talking about?" The conversation continued on this strain.

Poor Adelaide was too stunned to think. "Oh, oh," she moaned. "He did all this because he was compelled to by his frat, not because he liked me. Oh! why was I so blind. I might have known he'd rather take Peg. The invitation to the dance, walking home with me, the auto ride, none because he wanted to." Adelaide thought that all these things he had been compelled to do. "Poor Tom, I'll tell him I can't go to the dance. Then he can take Peg, lucky girl."

She came out of the cloak room and passed the two boys, but her face showed none of her emotions.

"Whew! I wonder if she heard? I guess not, she didn't look so. Gee, wouldn't it be a mess if she had. It's all right, I guess. We didn't talk very loud." But they had talked louder than they realized.

The following day Adelaide came across Tom as he was leaving the gym.

"Oh! Mr. Brannon," she said, "may I speak to you a minute?"

Tom looked surprised, she'd never addressed

him in that formal way before. He wondered what the cause could be.

"I find Mr. Brannon," she said rather coolly, "that it will be impossible for me to go to the dance in March."

But Adelaide—" began Tom, but she had hurried off and was already out of sight.

"Gee, that's tough, just when I realize I really want to take her, then she won't go. She sure looked peeved, wonder what I've done now?"

Tom passed her several times in the corridor that day, but although she'd smile she'd never stop a minute to talk to him. When he went to her home room after school she was gone. This seemed rather mysterious to the poor fellow, she certainly couldn't know that as a dog he'd been compelled to ask her to the dance.

As Tom circled the corridor brooding on this strain he ran into two fellows of the frat to which he was pledged.

"Why so gloomy, Brannon?" asked one. "Still sore because you have to take Adelaide Croftman to the dance?"

"No, the trouble is she won't go. Yesterday she would, and just this morning she refuses.

"Whew! so she did hear." The boys exchanged glances.

"Hear what?" asked Tom quickly.

"Oh! nothing."

"Come on now," continued Tom, "you've gotten so far, finish it."

"Well, we were talking about you're having to take Miss Croftman to the dance yesterday in Ray's room, when she came out of the cloak room, but she didn't look as if she'd heard."

"Gosh! you fellows have made a mess of this," and Tom stalked off angrily. He hurried to the nearest telephone booth and called Adelaide's number.

"Miss Croftman?"

"Just a minute, please," answered a voice.

"Hello, this is Miss Croftman."

"Adelaide, this is Tom; may I come up tonight, I want to explain something."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I—I'll not be at home. I—there—er—there's something boiling over on the stove—I *must* go. Good-bye," and she hung up the receiver.

"Poor little girl," thought Tom. She's trying a big bluff. But I must make her understand—how can I see her?

It never came to Tom that he was now free to ask Peggy. His only thought was to explain to Adelaide it was *she* whom he wanted to take.

He wouldn't take a chance on a letter. He certainly wouldn't call on a girl when she practically told him not to. He surely was in a nice predicament. An idea—he'd have her asked to his cousin Kitty's week-end party. Kitty was a good kid and he'd do some thing for her in return.

He made it his business to call on his cousin, Kitty Worth, that evening and to take her a box of her favorite chocolates. Oh! he was especially nice. Kitty knew something was in the wind, for her tall, good-looking cousin was never so generous to her unless he wanted something. Therefor, she was not surprised when he asked her:

"Say Kitty, be a good girl and do me a favor?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Invite Adelaide Croftman to your week-end party. I'll do something for you sometime if you will, Kit."

"Why, Tom Brannon, I thought you were sweet on Peggy, she's far prettier than Adelaide."

Tom came to himself with a jump. Why he'd forgotten all about Peggy. Anyway she hadn't been treating him quite square lately, guess he'd rather have Adelaide anyway. And then Tom said something which a couple of weeks before he would have denied.

"Oh, looks don't always count. Ask Adelaide, will you?"

"I suppose if you really want her, I will."

"All right, you're a good kid, only don't tell her I told you to, or that I'm even going to be there. Thanks."

Two weeks later found a merry group of young people, chaperoned by Kitty's mother, just arrived at the Worth's country home. There was Margaret and Tommy, Mary and Mac, Dot and Sammy, Anna and Bert, Blanche and Judson, and several others. Of course our friend Adelaide, whom Kitty had persuaded to come, was there. In all there were ten couples.

The weather was ideal for sleighing and skating and everyone was looking forward as Dot said to a "peach of a time." All were in joyful spirits except perhaps Adelaide who felt a little out of place. She did not know as yet that Tom was to be to the party.

It was too late in the day for a skate so after supper they all dispersed to dress for a dance they were to have. Several of the villagers were also invited, so that no one would think it very strange that Kitty invited a very particular friend of hers.

The dance floor was perfect, and the music excellent, the best band the town could afford. Kitty, several weeks before, had sent them some new dance pieces to practice so that at least the music was good.

In one of the intervals between dances, Herb, Kitty's brother, took Adelaide out to show her the conservatory.

"My, it's warm. Won't you have a glass of punch, Miss Croftman?" asked Herb.

"Why, I believe I will if you don't mind."

"If you'll wait here, I'll get it immediately," and he departed.

She found a pretty spot and sat down to wait To be alone with her thoughts for a few minutes was to her liking. She was thinking of Tom and

their auto ride; oh, if only she could go to the dance with him.

The opening of the door at the other end of the conservatory, interrupted her thoughts, and she looked up thinking it was Herbert with the punch. What Adelaide saw startled her and she looked about for means of escape, for it was none other than *Tom Brannon* who entered. He came quickly toward her.

"Please, Adelaide, let me speak to you a minute. I've tried for a long time to see you," he said.

"I—I didn't know you were to be here," she murmured.

"Kitty is my cousin. Perhaps you didn't know that."

"No, I didn't."

"Adelaide, did you overhear a certain conversation from your school wardrobe one afternoon a couple of weeks ago?"

She dropped her eyes. "Yes," she said softly.

"I'm so sorry, for although at the beginning I asked you only because, as a dog, I was compelled to, I really want to take you now. Really I do, Adelaide."

"But what about the auto ride, weren't you supposed to do that?"

"No—only the invitation to the dance. Please say you'll go—I want you to so much."

"Really?" Adelaide raised her eyes from the floor and flashed him a lovely smile. It was one of the moments in which she looked really pretty.

"Do say yes, will you?" he pleaded.

"I—guess so," she answered shyly.

"Oh! I'm so glad."

"But," said Adelaide, "how did you happen to come in here and where's Herb."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "Now you won't be angry, will you?"

She shook her head "no."

"It was all a put-up job. I got Kitty to invite you and told her not to let on that I was to be here. Then I got my cousin Herb to bring you in here and then leave for some reason and put me wise that you were here, so that I could come. I wanted to see you a few minutes alone and explain. You're not angry, are you?"

She smiled, "No one could be angry with you very long, Tom."

"Thanks, little girl. We'd better go and have a dance, the music sounds good. They might miss you. Well, any way, I've found out one thing that "Every Dog" has his day!"

His Silent Partners

By Abraham Golden.

THE little village of Bloomfield, New Jersey, seemed doomed to remain the same, quiet, little village forever. So dire a penalty had been inflicted for the grave offense of happening to be founded on a site thirty minutes by rail from the greatest American Metropolis. A mere servant maid in the ante-chamber of the almighty queen!

"Too near to New York, that's all," was the laconic diagnosis the veteran town pessimist gave of the situation to all prospective suitors of fame and fortune. They must have taken his words for the gospel truth since population and realty values of Bloomfield, N. J., were ever constant.

Yes, furnished rooms had been a drug in the market in the village of Bloomfield until the European War broke out in 1914.

Battles must be fought and won with powder, shells and shrapnel.

Contracts for the same were being thrown at American manufacturers by the foreign powers.

The American Fuse Co. grabbed more than it could really digest. Their output of ammunition was insufficient, it had to be doubled and trebled at once.

Fine, flat, meadow land means fine cheap factory sites—and only thirty minutes by rail from New York City.

So, the appearance, over night, of innumerable low, flat factory buildings—and the simultaneous disappearance of the ancient furnished room legends. The fever of prosperity had infected the sedate little village. The long-sought boom was booming along at a terrific rate of speed.

"No kicks coming nowadays, Mrs. Fennegan, is there?" queried grocer Smith one fine morning, as he receipted a long bill for groceries sold and delivered to that prosperous boarding house mistress. "Not a room left, I suppose not a single card on your premises lately, is there?" continued he, gleefully.

"All except one small room that I've used as a pantry, but if you hear of one who could use a nice small room, send him up, Mr. Smith."

Mrs. Fennegan did not have to wait long before a young man knocked at her door, begging for her last small room.

Though she was at first reluctant to let it out to one whose misfortune it was to carry the name of Moses Epstein, the sight of crisp American dollar bills in payment for one month's rent in advance, neutralized all her former symptoms of racial and religious reactions. Besides, the very appearance and demeanor of the new boarder were in his favor. A slight, slim, quiet sort of chap—he appeared to Mrs. Fennegan—rather studious looking, more of a clerk or a scholar than an ordinary manual laborer in an ammunition factory. The bargain was struck right then and

there. She pocketed the greenbacks and Mr. Moses Epstein sent for his trunk at the station.

"Well, Mrs. Fennegan, how do you like the last boarder I sent you?" inquired Mr. Smith a few days later.

"I'd like him a good deal more if he gave me more cause for disliking him," was the quite innocent response of the unsatisfied woman. "I really cannot make that fellow out. Speaking about peculiar races, he's got more odd and peculiar ways about him than I thought his entire race possessed. Refined and learned as he looks, would you believe that this young chap gave me orders to prepare three sets of meals for him a day—three breakfasts, three dinners and three suppers—yes, every day in the week. But to do the poor fellow justice, I must declare him the champion for doing real justice to everyone of those hearty meals I'm noted for in this vicinity. He's a gourmand with the face and manners of an angel."

"Anything else against his general character, Mrs. Fennegan?" asked the interested grocer rather cynically.

"Oh, this is not all. He's always out of work and always in his room asleep. There's mystery about that fellow. He's up at seven, gets his meal and off for work apparently. Ten minutes later he's back again, gets a second meal and back to bed. Not that I object to such peculiar and lazy habits, for he pays well for every meal he consumes, you understand, but the very peculiarity and unusualness of the whole business puzzles me constantly."

"Never you fear, Mrs. Fennegan," were the assuring words of the grocer Smith. "New birds, new fancies; the world is big and so are the fools within it."

In spite of all her efforts and tactful ruses to pry out some information explanatory of her mysterious boarder's habits of existence, he remained an egnima to her.

Socially, he was a negligible quantity—almost bordering on the intangible just a faint trace—as the chemist would say.

One summer evening, the day before the Fourth of July, Moses was sitting at the supper table reading a newspaper while his meal was being prapared. Miss Mary Ashton, Mrs. Fennegan's niece, who was visiting her, politely asked for the ladies' page.

He looked up with a start. "Why, with pleasure," eagerly handing it to her, and no more from him.

"My, what a time they will have to-morrow night at the Opera House!" exclaimed she on reading an announcement of the special show and carnival for the occasion.

Although it had been his fixed custom to refrain from passing any remarks relative to matters outside of the relationship of boarder and landlady, the enticing clear cut features of Miss Ashton, her frank temptingly infectious smile, and her appeal for companionship all united in an impulse to converse. He was soon lost in an animated discussion with her.

If his silence and sudden reticence of the past had been most abnormal, the vivacity which he indulged in now was more than sufficient to vanquish all memory of his past indispositions. Mary Ashton had melted the frozen barrier around him.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Ashton,, but if it is not presumptuous and bold of me considering our slight acquaintance, may I ask whether you will afford me the pleasure of taking you to the Opera House to-morrow night?" he pleaded in most court-like manner and grace.

Acceptance was inevitable under the circumstances.

"But, of course, Mr. Epstein, I must first get my aunt's permission, you know."

Somehow Moses felt that this contingent acceptance would ripen into an absolute one the moment Mrs. Fennegan heard of it. He had learned more from her than she had from him. She had not been in error in one of her deductions based on her first impression at seeing him —he was a student—though a silent one.

"Of course you may go with him, Mary," were her assenting words when told a few minutes later of the conversation.

"Perhaps you will learn more about him once you get him to behave like the rest of the folks. He's a nice sort of a fellow at that, Mary, and maybe we'd want to know him better if we only knew his actual doings and plans. There's something behind him other than a common roomer," were her aunt's final words late that evening.

Little did Mary know, that great as was her desire to go to the Opera House on the following night, more ardent was her aunt's desire to get the missing pages from the life history of her star boarder.

The night of the Fourth of July came around, but not so Mr. Moses Epstein. He failed to appear as escort. In fact he had had only one meal—breakfast early that morning—never to emerge from the narrow confines of his room on the glorious Fourth. Not even an excuse, oral or written, was given or sent by the exclusive gentleman.

Fortunately for him, the disappointed young lady left for her home in Delaware early next day, and thus were frustrated all the plans and schemes of Mrs. Fennegan to obtain the self-suppressed autobiography of the mysterious Moses Epstein.

If that fresh young man thought for one moment that such a trivial, little matter as disappointing a little green country girl would be soon forgotten, he had another guess coming.

Way down in the secluded village of Blairstown, Delaware, Miss Mary Ashton spent many an hour trying hard to surmise the cause of Mr. Epstein's conduct. Just to think of it! She, the

belle of the village—and he—a mere factory hand who happened to be a Jew in the bargain.

Four years had elapsed since the incident, but the memory of it was as fresh in her mind as the morning glories that peeped into her room with the first blush of dawn.

"Good morning, Mary," greeted her uncle, the village postmaster and merchant prince. "Good news for us all. The population of this city is going to be increased by three new arrivals. No, not triplets just born; they're adult ones. One's a physician, one's a lawyer, and the third a druggist. They're going to make Blairstown their home and practice their professions here."

"I never realized until now that we needed a doctor, a lawyer and a druggist," replied Mary. "Say, uncle, do you think they'll find something to do here to keep them from starving?" asked the sympathetic girl with a twinkle in her eye.

"Be around at 2 o'clock; they'll be here to sign the papers and get the deed to the house they've purchased through me. Going to live in the old Fillmore Mansion down the road," explained her uncle.

Many minutes before two found Mary at her uncle's store.

Near the post office window stood Moses Epstein. A few feet away stood two more like him. Triplets. Which was the culprit? The first, second or the third in point of vision?

The girl was almost paralyzed with surprise and astonishment.

"Allow me to introduce my only niece, gentlemen," began her uncle.

"Miss Mary Ashton, Doctor Moses Epstein, Daniel Epstein, Attorney, and Jacob Epstein, Pharmacist."

She was right. He was the first one—the doctor.

"I've had the pleasure of meeting Miss Ashton several years ago, Mr. Ashton," explained Doctor Epstein. "I believe I owe her an apology and explanation that is four years overdue."

"How long a walk is it to the Fillmore Mansion, Miss Ashton?" he asked. "I haven't seen the place my brothers have bought, and I should like an opportunity to explain that ancient affair of Bloomfield to you."

"About an hour if you are not in a great hurry to see your future home," she replied, "and I shall be glad to show you the way."

"It's a long story, Miss Ashton. Our mother died when we were infants," began the doctor. "Our father was taken away ten years later. After going through the lower grades and high school, it seemed that hopes of college education were futile. Just when we had decided to look for permanent positions at any trade, the European war broke out. Jobs were open for the asking. Factories were running at full blast twenty-four hours a day. Three shifts of men worked to fill the war orders.

"Here's where we saw our opportunity for getting a college education at last, if only the war lasted. We decided to move to Bloomfield, N. J., where many ammunition plants were working three shifts of men a day. And only thirty minutes to New York City with all its colleges.

"I matriculated at Bellevue Medical School, working in the munitions factory from 4 P. M. until 12 P. M.

"Daniel entered Law School of New York University, attending the evening class and working in the factory from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

"Jacob matriculated at the New York College of Pharmacy, working from 12 P. M. to 8 A. M. His courses were all in the afternoon.

"By this schedule of the eight-hour work day we were able to earn good wages, get sufficient sleep, and attend college in New York City."

"Were you all working in the same factory?" asked Mary suddenly.

"Of course, Miss Ashton," replied Doctor Epstein.

"Then you were all staying in the same boarding house?"

"Oh, yes; I've another apology and explanation to make this time to your aunt," responded he, laughingly.

"She rented out the nice small room to one boarder—a Moses Epstein by name. It would have been impossible to explain to her satisfaction the practicability of its housing three adults at the same time."

"You don't mean to say that there was always one of you in that room, do you, doctor?"

"Of course, that's the secret of our success."

"One of us was at college, one was in the factory, and one was sleeping or studying in that nice little room.

"You didn't suppose for one moment that I ate nine meals a day, did you? I suppose your aunt must have marveled at my abnormal appetite."

"We paid for nine meals, but I do believe your aunt is entitled to past due rent for two rooms. At least, morally we owe it to her, though Daniel, the attorney, has convinced me legally she has no cause for action against us for more rent. Not a ghost of a chance for recovery, as he puts it. Let us give him the benefit of his college training," Miss Ashton," gleefully added the doctor.

"But this does not at all explain about the affair that night at the Opera House," interrupted Mary.

"Not only did we use the same room and same name at your aunt's house, but our plans and bridgets necessitated our using the same clothes for work and for pleasure. We were the real efficiency men in those days, Miss Ashton.

"If the big corporations found it wise and practical, financially and otherwise to use their plants twenty-four hours a day, why not put our tangible assets and rolling stock to the same endurance tests? We were out to get a college education at the minimum cost and at the same time had to save the maximum amount of money for our

future welfare. We had to look beyond the day we got our diplomas. Where were we to get our offices, books, furniture, and various other necessities of everyday life and our professional callings? You can't do much with a sheepskin unless you've got the means to introduce—or rather to advertise it to society properly. So you see what we were up against, Miss Ashton.

"Not alone was this the reason, but our premeditated shortage of apparel was rather conducive to more studious habits and a deadly deterrent of any notions or fits of squandering money on good times.

"That Fourth of July, I had forgotten it was Daniel's turn to take a holiday trip to New York to visit relatives On holidays when we had no work or school, we had made it a rule to give each one a chance at the suit of clothes. It was his chance.

"That's the only reason why I failed to show up that night and even if I must tell it four years later, Mary, the desire to take you out for a good time was as burning as it is now to make up and atone for my past failure to do so."

"Here we are at the Fillmore Mansion, and you are forgiven," said Miss Ashton, and extended her hand.

Around the Punch Bowl

JULIA E. CLARK

THERE were three of them standing near the huge cut-glass punch bowl at Peggy Powell's Christmas dance. I should have said that Ianthe and Marcelle were the prettiest girls in all Richmond, but Jean, who was chatting with them, would have told you that they were by far the most beautiful "children" in the whole United States.

I had known the three all my life, as did many of the other guests. They were all very much in love with one another.

Ianthe was a petite, delicate girl, pathetically pretty, with a helpless, dejected little air. Her accent, as she chose to call it, had been carefully cultivated. She was appealing—I admit—to a certain type of man. To me she was intolerable. I have always hated her smooth, blond hair, her alabaster skin, her large blue eyes. Even her tiny mouth, her little hands, her placid brow were ever fresh sources of annoyance to me. She dressed well; she talked well; she sang well—she danced well.

Marcelle was indeed a contrast to her. In every gesture, every glance she radiated life, youth, mischief! She was a little above medium height, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with the lissom slenderness of the athlete. Her cheeks glowed with the vigor of many hours spent on tennis courts and basket-ball fields, for Marcelle was very keen for sport. Her chief characteristic, or at least her dominant one, was energy—physical, mental, spiritual. She was tireless, fearless, full of faith in herself and in her convictions. Oh! Marcelle! how I have envied you your faith in yourself. That night, my dear, you were really bewitching in that gold and white gauziness. Such a pretty picture you made gazing up at Jean—yes! I may well say "gazing up," for Jean, big man that he was, overtipped you by a good six inches.

Jean was the best looking man I have ever seen. To be sure, he was still a youngster, despite his one hundred eighty pounds and carefully-nurtured mustache. Do not misunderstand me. Our Adonis was most human. Blue eyes, that laughed continually, the strongest chin—the Aspinalls were noted for their chins—and the most absurd dimple, all combined to make the youngest son of the house of Aspinall so easy to look at, that the Mitagraph Company had been tempted to offer him four thousand dollars a year and wardrobe, for the privilege of exhibiting his beauteous countenance in choice scenarios.

Jean nibbled a macaroon reflectively.

"Have you read 'The Sins of the Children?'" asked Ianthe.

"By Cosmo Hamilton?" contributed Marcelle.

"Such trash!" Jean commented indifferently. "That senseless family life theme. But one could not expect much more from the author of 'The Blindness of Virtue.'"

"Fannie Herslip Lea's 'Chloe Malone' is a very sweet love story with a Southern background. Did you like it, Marcelle?"

"I didn't finish it—there wasn't much plot, I thought. But have you seen Owen Johnson's latest, 'The Woman Gives?' It's about studio life, with the weirdest characters. The heroine marries the wrong man."

Jean looked at them moodily.

"Johnson's one man that's disappointed a great many people," he observed. "When he started writing some twelve or fourteen years ago, a number of the really worth-while people applauded his vigorous Lawrenceville stories. They certainly were great—so different! When he gave a hint of his later murkiness in 'Stover at Yale,' we excused him on the ground that he was sharing the misfortunes of most writers that attempt sequels to successful novels. But when he published 'The Salamander,' we could see where he was going to."

"Where?" asked Marcelle.

"To the dogs," returned Jean shortly.

"You people are too serious," objected Ianthe, giggling in the most adorable way.

"Yes—too much so, *mes enfants,*" Jean agreed lightly. *"Ma chère—"* he began. Both girls were all attention.

He smiled quietly to himself.

"My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes. They are the kingdom of the stars, the cradle of the morning—"

Ianthe sighed.

Marcelle gasped.

"Oh! Jean!" gushed Ianthe.

"Has the dear boy been taking elocution lessons?" demanded Marcelle.

"My dear children!" he remonstrated. "That's Tagore. Is he not magnificent?"

Ianthe's large, vague orbs filled with tears.

"Divine!" she agreed.

"Do give us some more," encouraged Marcelle. "I know he has memorized it especially for us."

Jean smiled tolerantly.

"My dear Marcelle!" expostulated Ianthe.

"I long to tell you the truest words I have to say to you; but I dare not, being afraid you would not believe them. That is why I disguise them in—"

"Tell me—tell me!" begged Marcelle. "I knew all the evening that you had something on your mind."

Ianthe's pale cheeks flushed. Marcelle's heart thumped so audibly that she wondered why some one did not remark it.

Jean took out his watch, opened it, and handed it to Marcelle. "Look, kiddies, there's the dearest girl in all the world, and I'm engaged to her!"

Marcelle and Ianthe grappled for its possession. They held the time-piece with unsteady fingers. Then, simultaneously, they loosened their hold on the watch, for smiling up at them were the clear, sweet gaze of Peggy Powell!

A Sonnet

A castle rests at dusk on yonder hill
Speaking—tho' silent—of times now long since
passed,
When archers fierce and gay-plumed warriors
massed
Stood ready to attack at leader's will;
Or when, in happier days, to sumptuous feast
The noble knights and ladies took their way
And harkened oft to jest and tuneful lay
Before the dark night fled, and music ceased.
But now, the aged castle stands alone.
Its people, once so stately, are no more.
A peaceful silence every nook has kissed,
And murmuring winds in whispering monotone
Sigh brokenly. The castle, grey and hoar
As evening falls, fades out into the mist.

—Lillian S. Pomeroy.

The Wind's Tale of Crime

Why whines and whimpers so the wind?
What tale of woe upon his wings?
Who against his brother sinned?
Who grimly broke a heart's sweet strings?

It is a grim and fearful tale
The whistling wind bears o'er the lea.
He saw murder in the dale
Beneath the shadow of the tree.

The dead man's groan upon his wings
He carries forth in all the lands.
Grim murder's curse to us he brings,
The crimson stain of bloody hands.

He whines and groans, he snarls and moans,
Wailing and mourning as he flies.
He shakes the forests, the sea he foams,
The clouds he scatters in the skies.

He heaves a sigh up to the sky
From the deep and gloomy sea,
This was the dead man's parting cry
As he was killed beneath the tree.

Samuel Kudish.

'Ray for the "Babee"!

By Althea Ward.

JIPSON rushed into the offices of the Branbury Camera Company like one pursued. He thumped loudly on the private office door of the manager, and when that official failed to respond, he thumped again. Having been admitted, he leaned his back against the closed door to pant.

"Have you seen the morning paper?"

Mr. Ryan, the manager, smiled grimly.

"Yes," he said, tersely, "I have!"

"She's given us the slip," announced Jipson, superfluously. "She promised to dance for me this morning at ten, and I was to try out my Speedio Camera Lens on her, and *now*—shades of Hades! And the way I've worked to get that woman to promise to dance for us—"

"And the money you've spent!"

"And the money I've spent! And after she'd promised me to sign up and dance this morning, while I waited and *waited,* that treacherous cat has calmly departed on a two months' trip to South America. The *Emblem* sails at four—"

Mr. Ryan smiled a disagreeable cold smile.

"We depended on you to get that series of pictures," he said sourly. "You've just lost us some cool thousands of dollars; that's all. No company has ever got even her *promise* to dance before. If we'd won, exclusively—" He broke off to puff, furiously at a vilely smelling cigar. "Of course," he added," we feel you've failed us, Jipson. I wish we'd trusted the job to Reems. *He's* resourceful!"

Al Jipson swallowed all this unjust criticism silently; for it was unjust. For months he had dogged Madame Beauguard's very steps, and had offered every conceivable bribe to the changeable lady, who, besides suffering from severe enlargement of the ego, was afflicted by frequent attacks of chronic temperament.

He stood making the circuit of his round hat with his fingers, his eyes were big and hurt—more, they were worried. For young Jipson realized just what a setback the failure to get this contract was to his career.

"If you had gotten that print," said Mr. Ryan, adding insult to injury through a haze of cigar smoke, "we'd planned to increase your salary to two hundred a month. Also, if that Speedio invention of yours worked, you'd have gotten a royalty on every copy turned out. *Then* you would have been pretty well fixed for a young man."

A little silence fell.

Jipson got the "would-have-been," and certain dear visions he had locked up in his heart grew dimmer. They had to do with apartments, and furniture, and the servant problem. Also, with a girl of sweet face and kindly disposition from his home town. As these dreams faded, certain plebeian visions of flats, and landlords, and instalment plans discouragingly took on a more gigantic shape. Around and around his hat went Jipson's hands, absently. Murderous thoughts crowded his brain. That old black-eyed, black-haird siren!! That confounded treacherous—of a sudden the trend of his thoughts turned. His eyes became centered on the little bald peak which rested on Mr. Ryan's shoulders, and which amply served him as a head. Then it was that the Great Idea came. Half unconsciously he watched the smoke of the everlasting cigar roll upwards, and when it had reached the electric globe in the ceiling, the whole thing was settled in Jipson's mind.

"That boat sails at four," he murmured, dreamily.

Mr. Ryan signed a letter with a flourish.

"Could you," said Jipson, still dreamily, "write me a check for several thousand dollars?"

Ryan whirled about as if half suspecting that he was covered by revolvers.

"What the dickens?" he demanded testily, when he discovered his fears groundless.

This seemed to break the spell.

"I'm going to South America," announced Al. "I'm going to get that print. I'm going to camp on that Frenchy's trail 'til I succeed, if it takes me till Christmas."

And Ryan, after one satisfied look at him, turned back to his desk and wrote out an adequate check.

He was even smiling a little.

* * * * *

Having secured a last little hole of a stateroom on the *Emblem,* and embarked at the last minute after a spectacular dash up the gangway, one might have fancied that Jipson's first duty would have been to seek the Madame. But not so. He leaned on the rail, and, while the band played and myriad little white handkerchiefs fluttered from below, while tug whistles blew and screeched, and little boats chugged about in the hurly-burly of departure, he stood thinking. Finally, having nothing better to do, he started on a tour of inspection to see "who was who" for his stay of over five days on the ancient but trustworthy *Emblem.* In a shady corner of the upper deck he sat, watching the billows rise higher and higher, and thinking, not only of the job on hand, but also of the girl for whom he was sacrificing so much time and money. Out of the corner of his eye he could see a tiny speck of red, and without changing his glance, ever and anon he could just catch a blur of red. Finally, the thing bothered him so that he turned away from the fascinating sea with an effort, and looked. A tiny tip of a red wing was all that was visible. He cudgeled his brain; where had he seen that before? And on whom?

And at last it came to him! It was *her* hat, the hat of the girl who played the leading part in all his visions of an ideal home, the hat under which he had seen her brown hair curl about her pretty face many a time. To make sure, he peered around the corner, and sure enough, there she sat, in all the glories of a brilliant steamer-rug and a box of farewell chocolates!

His movement caught her attention. Her dark eyes opened wide in amazement, but with a finger on his lips, Al stopped any exclamatory remark she might have made. For *he* took into consideration that next to her sat a tall, stiff, angular-looking female, reading through a pair of tortoise-rimmed glasses, Dr. Wilbur's treatise on "Foods and Their Values to the Human System." *This* was Au-nt Elizabeth.

Beckoning to Charlotte to get away, Al waited down below, and soon she came.

"Albert Evans Jipson! How did it ever happen that you are on this boat? Aunt Elizabeth made me come with her to visit Uncle Bert, who is a customs official down in Georgetown, you know, and I was furious. But now that you are here, I don't mind so much," she finished sweetly.

"Au-nt Liz is a good skate after all." This mutilation of her name, had she heard it, would have been quite enough to give that worthy lady her first attack of sea-sickness. He went on:

"You know Madame Beauguard, the famous emotional dancer? Well, I've booked her to perform for our camera for almost more money than there is, and at the same time I could try out by invention—it's to catch every detail of the figure, no matter how fast it may go, you know. Well, at the last minute she goes and sails for S. A., leaving little Al and all his prospects in the lurch. But you just wait, I'll get her yet! I don't know exactly how, but an opportunity is sure to come."

Following this bold assertion, Charlotte gasped, and suddenly clutched Al's arm.

"Aunt Elizabeth!" she whispered, hurriedly.

"Oh, Aunt Liz!!" exclaimed the young man, enjoying a mental picture of the shudders that would chase one another up and down that lady's rigid spine, if she could only hear him.

"When again?" asked the damsel, who kept her wits about her.

"Moonlight. Eight-thirty. Here." After which he strolled non-chalantly off with his hands in his pockets, *not* in the direction of Aunt Liz, who, as you can doubtless guess, did not approve of the match at all.

At dinner that night, the Madame condescended to leave her suite and sit at the captain's table. She was all silk and suavity, her sleek head perfectly coifed, her countless couquetries wonderful to see. All were charmed with her except two. One was a silky little person on her own account, very good to look upon, with a sweet rebellious little mouth. The other was a tall, quiet-looking young man, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and also good to look upon.

After dinner as Madame Beauguard trailed out of the dining-saloon, Jipson, dapper, faultlessly dressed, spoke softly to her. She recognized him after a second's icy staring.

"Does Madame, perhaps, feel like favoring me with a—dance?" inquired Jipson in his most impudent manner. He knew Madame. One must pretend to be high-handed.

"Zertainly *not!*" said she, indignantly, in her deepest tone. "I have said, 'you are very perzistent.' ". And she brushed by him.

That night, Al and Charlotte held a council of war. And when they separated, Al's face still wore a worried look, but Charlotte's only a very determined expression.

The next morning was bright and sunshiny, and many of the passengers gathered on the upper deck for games. Madame was there, decked out as usual in satin and jewels, and carrying in her arms a little white woolly lap-dog. Passing the two, Charlotte managed to give the little innocent dog's tail a violent tweak. He savagely yelped, and as the girl passed, his teeth just grazed the skin of her arm.

She turned furiously on Madame.

"That little beast has bitten me!" she cried, clapping her handkerchief over her arm.

"Non!" cried the Madame, stiffening imperiously. "He iz so gen-tle—"

"He has *bitten* me!" declared the girl again. "He's a vicious little brute. He snapped at me yesterday when your maid had him up on deck. He is dangerous. I shall have him put to death—"

Madame's eyes darted lightning.

"He iz *not* vicious!" she cried. "If he iz, he mus' be zick!"

"Sick!" cried the girl in sharp alarm. "It might be hydrophobia! He shall die at once!"

"Non! Non!" shrilled Madame, suddenly losing her hauteur, suddenly clutching the little beast close to her heart. "He iz my babee. I could not bear it! Oh, *Non!*"

By this time a little crowd was gathering, attracted by the angry voices, and Charlotte flashed a telepathic message that Al caught. With a sudden crafty look, he flashed back that he understood.

Madame clutched her "babee" closer, emotional tears bright in her eyes.

"Pleez, pleez!" she begged.

"Miss Kail," said Jipson severely, "there is no cause to kill the dog. His bite is harmless, and the doctor can dress your wound very satisfactorily, I'm sure. Besides, I should think you could hardly have the heart to wound Madame so deeply, and to agitate her so. Her constitution and temperament *won't stand it!*"

Miss Kail was very haughty.

(*Continued on page* 30.)

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1917.

GO TO IT!

The mid-year scholastic examinations will be held during the coming week. That week will decide the fate of many of us. There are always some who are on the ragged edge in one or more of their subjects. To them, examinations mean, "do or die." Unfortunately, there are many in the school, especially in the lower grades, to whom a failure in a certain subject means little. To them we offer sympathy! It does not seem to be a matter of great importance to flunk one subject. You say, "Oh, I will make that up later in my course." But then, the higher grade you are, the more interest you take in the social affairs of the school, the more interest you take in football, baseball, track and other sports. You find it almost impossible to make up your deficiency. Of course some succeed. Others do not! It means another half-year in high school and if you intend to go to college, it may means the loss of a year. Consider that time in dollars and cents—that sum is what foolish indifference toward your work in your early high school days has cost you. We do not mean to preach a sermon. We tell you this from experience. A few hours' study before the examinations may save days of regret after the examinations. Show some of that well-known Barringer spirit in the classroom! Do you know that many former Barringer pupils are making a name for themselves and their old alma mater at college? The generation ahead of us is making history. It is up to us to uphold this glorious reputation of Barringer. Put a little "pep" in your work. A word to the wise is sufficient. Go to it!

WELCOME, COMRADES!

ACROPOLIS examinations were taken this month by a number of students but there should be a still greater interest taken in this paper. The experience gained by work on a high school paper is invaluable both for those who go to college, and for those who enter business life at once. Besides, we guarantee you a good time. At the next examination let there be a room full of eager competitors.

The new members of the board are: Assistant Business Manager, J. Joyce Schlosser; Literature, Burke Boyce; School News, Yardley Chittick; Personals, Stanley Jacobus, Walter Taylor and Grace Cairns; Graduate Notes, Saul Zucker; Exchanges, Marion Amann; Art, Angelina Caprio, Leopold Weinstein.

These new members of the staff are to be congratulated on their success in securing a place on the board, and for the school spirit which they have in entering the trials. We are confident they will prove by their hearty coöperation that the Board has been strengthened by their accession. We hope that their example will be followed by many others at the next examination.

SUCH A LITTLE THING!

It is seldom we have any fault to find with our excellent faculty. But, at times, many of us are put to an exasperating inconvenience by the failure on the part of a number of teachers to maintain a good supply of ink in the ink-wells. Permit me to illustrate.

Harold saves his theme for a study period. He goes to his study room, armed with the usual weapons of warfare—paper, pen, pencil, eraser, blotter. He is a good workman. He brings his tools with him, as he has been taught. He begins at once. He cannot waste one minute of the forty. No ink in his ink-well! Hastily, he changes his seat. Not a drop of ink in that desk either. He makes another change. He finds that the ink has been mixed with chalk; the result is a thick, unfriendly substance. Nevertheless, Harold belongs to the "try-anything-once" brotherhood, so he dips his pen in and then attempts to write. Impossible!—and he has spoiled his pen. He mutters something to himself and makes a few unsuccessful efforts to borrow a pen. Nothing doing—every one needs his pen in a study period—especially in a *Senior* study period. Our hero persists. Finally he persuades his chum to use a pencil in place of a fountain pen. Lovingly Harold fondles it. Caressingly he applies its point to the paper. The barrel is empty! Five of his precious minutes gone! He strides up to the teacher and gets possession of the ink bottle. Tenderly he carries it to his desk. Behold—it, too, was empty! Upon the teacher's suggestion he secures a new bottle from the book room. It is a nice bottle, filled to the brim. You can appreciate what dexterity it requires to manipulate this flagon of the muses. Harold's hurried, unaccustomed fingers are awkward. The ink ambles joyously over a portion of Harold's desk. He must repair the ravages. Affectionate particles cling tenaciously to his fingers. Now he must wash his hands!

You see how provoking the situation arising from the neglect of the teachers frequently becomes. Besides, it is not consistent—is it?—to tell a student to bring his pen so he may write his test in ink, and then have no ink in the ink-well for him.

Before the Christmas recess the situation grew steadily worse. But while we were away, all the ink-wells were taken out, emptied, cleaned and replaced. When we returned, they had not been refilled. Eight days have elapsed since we resumed our studies, and in the majority of rooms the ink-wells still remain unfilled.

We have assumed this labor of love is classified under "Duties of teachers." Perhaps we have been beating up the wrong bush! If such be the case, we offer our humble apologies. Nevertheless, will some one with influence, interested in student welfare, take this matter to the high court and see to it that some conscientious person is appointed, whose business it will be to see that the ink-wells are filled and *kept* filled.

HONOR ROLL.

(Incomplete List.)

Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.

Room 26. Morris Kleinman, Marguerite Schlueter.

Room 36. Gertrude Bauch, Viola Smith, *P. G.* Gerard Abbott, Georgiana Beckmeyer, Agnes Foster.

Room 37. Fred Green, Louis Kanangieser, ALEX. LOWENGRUB.

Room 41. Welsey Alheit, Edmund Cox, William Gleim.

Room 42. Jeannie Lutz.

Room 45. William Fleishfarb, Clarissa Hulse.

Room 50. Isabelle Allen, Rose Fried, Jean Judson, Esther Rabinowitz.

Room 51. Irving Ams, Milton Finkelstein, Edith Potaker, Katharine Wahl.

Room 55. Edith McEwen, Harris Mendelson, Lillian Pomeroy, Lillian Handler.

Room 56. BURKE BOYCE, Jerry Caruso, Dudley Foster, Gerard Riccardi, Eva Becker.

Room 57. Joseph D'Alessio, Bernard Fein, Esther Kroeger, Rufus Rickenbacher, Moses Schilling, Harry Shalit, Alexander Spinner, John Dana, Edna Holwick, Regina Cairns, William Reiman.

Room 59. Rose Froog, Dorothy Hedden, Esther Lefkowitz, Dorothy McEntee, Kathryn Wotiz.

Room 61. Mary Fisher, Grace Vogt, Mary White.

Room 63. Morris Berg.

Room 65. Rose Cryan, Florence D'Auria, Evelyn Hayadorn, Blanche Halsey, Alice Keehner, Myra Kohn, Margaret Sawyer.

Room 66. Edna Altemiller, Helen Kussy, Elsie Steinmetz.

Room 67. Andrew Yuill, Louis Zuckerman.

Room 69. Elizabeth Bolland, Mildred Taylor.

Room 75 A. M. Mildred Amerman, Newton Mulford, Morris Wechstein, Katherine Wicks.

Room 75 P. M. Peter Streibinger.

Room 76 A. M. Gertrude Meister, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger.
Room 81 A. M. Alice Dodge.
Room 82. Sidney Ramo.
Room 83. Agnes Bradley, Rose Nussbaum, Dorothea Schiffmayer, Mildred Turner, Pauline Wesser.
Room 85. Charles Brewer, Frances Gardinier.
Room 86. Mercedes Burnette, Olive Brabson, Adele Gifford.
Room 87. Anna Kabis.
Room 91 P. M. Bernice Cooper, William DeVito, Louise Durand, Mary Meeker.
Room 92 A. M. Isabelle Cary, Olga Langenecker.
Room 92 P. M. Margaret Mashels, Philip Nohemie.
Room 93. Sophie Coppersmith.
Room 95 A. M. Ruth Fisher.
Room 95 P. M. Sherman Corwin, John Cairns, Dorothy Simmons.

THE BATTALION.

On Wednesday, January 3rd, Barringer High School again lived up to her reputation and took the first step in a practical preparedness movement ahead of any other school in the state by forming a Battalion.

Approximately one hundred and eighty boys enrolled, and were divided into three companies to facilitate the primary drilling. Two Fort Terry cadets were placed in charge of each company. "A" Company is composed of the largest boys, "B" Company of the "five feet four" fellows, and "C" Company of the undersized men. These smaller men will be drilled exactly like the older and larger men, and will eventually be uniformed similarly to the other companies. Vacancies in the other companies caused by graduation will be filled up by the taller men in "C" Company.

Tuesday was chosen by vote for drill day. Drill after the first few weeks will probably be carried on in the First Regiment Armory, as our own gym floor is too small to maneuver three companies on.

The Government requires us to have one hundred and fifty uniformed men, the equivalent of one "war strength" company, before we receive our ordnance consignment, which means briefly, rifles, bayonets, field belt, suspenders, and canteen. However, it may be ten weeks before the most advanced men are ready for these.

DON'T READ THIS!

The catbird has the courage of his convictions; he will at any cost satisfy his ungovernable and enormous curiosity. Bait your bird-trap in the woods with something that courts immediate investigation and you catch a catbird. Other birds may start for it, but the catbird will distance them every time. Human beings resemble the catbird in this respect; they are inquisitive. Ever since Eve tasted the apple to find out whether it was sour or sweet, her daughters have shown a keen sense of curiosity. But men are no less inquisitive than women. Curiosity has caused the downfall of more than one nation. Curiosity has been the making of more than one man. What led Sir Isaac Newton to the discovery and use of steam as force—curiosity. But did you ever stop to realize that the most curious woman in this world is a woman without curiosity?

You are as curious as any of us. What's that? You are not curious? You are! Did you not read this article? Did we not tell you not to read it? You were curious, you wanted to see what we had to say. You read it out of curiosity from the first word to the last!

WHICH IS YOUR COLLEGE?

When Mr. Stearns emphasizes selecting your college early in the high school course it brings but vague and hazy ideas into the head of the freshman who is so bewildered by the hustle and bustle of high school life. To the sophomore it is the signal for undisguised humor. Have they not mastered the traps and snares of freshman subjects? Do they not know *everything*—to their way of thinking? The sophs say, "Plenty of time, we will decide on our college when we are juniors or seniors." To the junior Mr. Stearns' gentle reminder causes some real thought. But no, they will make their decision when they are seniors. But alas! To the senior the question presents much worry. No longer is it always a question of where do I want to go, but where *can* I go? When you are a senior you decide on some college and then find that you are lacking in some entrance requirement which prevents you from entering there. Then you hunt up some college that will *take* you on the amount and kind of work you have covered, so when Mr. Stearns gives you a gentle hint on selecting your college remember it is "food for thought."

The printed page blurs 'neath my weary gaze;
The candle flickers lower as I toil.
My days are spent in labor of the soil;
My nights, in searching through the stubborn
maze
Of tomes, whose authors long are turned to dust;
Who thought in spheres transcending for my own
And by their mighty wit alone,
Kept fresh their mem'ry and forbade it rust.
But I must ever thus pursue
And pray for grace to persevere—
That I, in profiting by what they knew
May set my own pen racing without fear
Of hidden fault, and make the product of my
brain
Of purest and of noblest strain.

RICHARD MAGUIRE.

School News

CAROL PHILLIPI, *Ch.*
ALFRED LIPPMAN
EMILY ALLEN
EMMA ANTZ

BARRINGER PREPARES!

Since "Chief" has returned from the border the idea of military training has taken new life in Barringer. Now we are to have a battalion composed of the boys of the school under the leadership of Mr. Broadhead and Mr. Fields.

On January second the battalion met for the first time. Close to two hundred fellows were there, among which were conspicuous those who had on the uniforms of Fort Terry and Plattsburg. With these more experienced soldiers as a nucleus we should lose no time in getting that truly military air about the organization.

We have secured the use of the First Regiment Armory in which to drill on Tuesday afternoons, as well as a supply of guns from "Uncle Sam." We also have in our midst a number of good musicians. All we lack now is a number of volunteer Red Cross nurses, so girls, here is your chance to nurse all the wounded Barringer boys.

FOUR BEE PROM.

It was November the twenty-second! In the auditorium, a tall, gold frame (supported by Saul Zucker and Marco Angelillo) enclosed a white-haired, sheet-swathed figure with a staff (alias a window-pole) in its hand.

The oracle (Mr. Losee) spoke, then vanished, to be followed by a series of futuristic pictures explained by limericks. Then the class romped to the "jamesnasium," where they cavorted gaily to the strains of a splendiferous orchestra. Then they reluctantly (?) proceeded to the lunch-room, where cake and cream were consumed in large quantities. We know it was *good* cake because the Faculty partook of it freely.

This successful affair was engineered by:
Ch.-in-Chief—Miss Julia Clark.
Cr. Entertainment—Miss Margaret Jacoby.
Ch. Refreshments—Miss Marie Poland.
Ch. Invitations—Miss Anna Coffin.

Miss Lillian Pomeroy and Harris Mendelsohn were also prominent in the work.

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

Am 23 sten November hielt der Deutsche Verein eine Versammlung. Herr Nicklas hielt eine Vorlesung ueber Haensel und Gretel.

Am 1 ten December machte der Deutsche Verein einen Ausflug nach New York um im deutschen Theatre einer Auffuehrung von "Wilhelm Tell" beizuwohnen. Die Auffuehrung war sehr schoen und machte uns grosses Vergnuegen.

Auf Einladung des deutschen Vereins hat uns neulich ein frueherer Schueller Philip Gordon besucht und einen Vortrag ueber Tannhaeuser gehalten.

"TANNHAEUSER."

On Wednesday, the 20th of December, Barringer was given an unusual treat in the form of a lecture recital. One of "our boys," Philip Gordon, of the class of June, 1911, who since graduation has devoted himself to the study of music, spoke to the school on the opera Tannhaeuser. The comprehensive way in which Mr. Gordon treated the subject revealed a thorough knowledge of the opera.

He began his discussion by explaining that at the time Richard Wagner wrote Tannhaeuser, the opera was considered rather as a dramatic production with musical accompaniment. After giving this background he spoke on the opera itself. As he narrated the story of the opera he played appropriate selections on the Victrola and also rendered parts of the opera on the piano in a masterly way.

The hearty outburst of applause which followed, was evidence of the appreciation of the school. We all went back to our classes with the wish that some day we should come to assembly and hear Mr. Stearns announce, "By unanimous acclamation of the school Philip Gordon will speak on one of the operas."

BARRINGER THALIANS.

December was an active month for our dramatic society, as indeed it was for almost every other organization in the school.

The Thalians contributed a large part of the program of our Christmas entertainment in the shape of a play. The play presented was entitled, "Christmas Boxes." The caste was as follows:

Prologue .....*Mary Poland*
Kitty Sterling.....*Margaret Poland*
Laura Maxwell.....*Elsie Dey*
Miss Mary Redmond.....*Carol Phillippi*
Nora.....*Josephine Rathbone*
Paul Lamberton.....*Norman Hayes*
James Sylvester.....*Yardley Chittick*
Lieut. Arthur Powell.....*Lansing Ten Eyck*
Dennis.....*Judd Neal*

This play was as Miss Poland announced in her prologue, not exactly an example of the type of play the Thalians aim to present, but it was nevertheless a pleasing little comedy and well appreciated by the school. Come again, Thalians! (As often as you please.)

The first Thalian meeting of the new year was held on Thursday, January 11. Mr. Milwitzky was the speaker of the occasion.

A. A. A.

The Junior A's have introduced a new feature into their class meetings in the form of talks upon topics of interest in school life.

Those given so far have been one by Miss Bunzelt upon the subject of "Uniform Dress," a talk by Miss Dorothy Rudd upon, "Appearances and Impressions," also one by Parker Herbell upon, "A Catalogue of Sins."

THANKSGIVING EXERCISES.

On November 29, the school enjoyed a Thanksgiving program in the auditorium. Myra Kohn favored us with a "Song of Thanksgiving." We were fortunate enough to have Dr. Dawson, of the Old First Church, with us. He talked to us on "What the Harvest Means to Us," and "The Miracle of the Loaf." Third Period was omitted.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Science Club was held early in November. The following program was given by members of the different branches of the club:

1. "How Wireless Has Served the Sea," Mortimer Salzman.
2. "Industrial Alcohol," William Rieman.
3. "Reasons for the Fall and the Color of Leaves," Pauline Werner.
4. "Chemistry and Preparedness," Josephine Rathbone.

After much discussion, the members decided to have a sociable after the Christmas holidays. Albert Sachs was appointed chairman of the Social Committee.

DOINGS IN THE ROSTRUM.

Several interesting debates have been held since the last issue of the ACROPOLIS. One took place on December 12, between the members of the 4A and 4B classes. The topic was *"Resolved,* that England as a belligerent is exceeding her privileges in dealing with neutral mails." The 4A's on the affirmative, Rufus Rickenbacher and Samuel Kudish won. Helen Clark and Wesley Jamison upheld the negative.

At the next meeting of the Rostrum on December 19, a debate was held on the following topic: *"Resolved,* that an immediate embargo should be placed on all out-going food stuffs." The debaters were, affirmative, Harold Keating, Stanley Jacobus; negative, Thomas Urmy and Milton Finklestein. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

December 22 was a big day at B. H. S. Things took their regular course until 12.15, when books were closed with a bang. At ten o'clock the entire school assembled for Christmas exercises. Everybody knew there was to be a big surprise, but just what the nature of it was, few could say.

The following program was rendered:

"Nazareth"—Martha Bolten ....*Gounod*
"Brightly Gleams the Dawn"—Myra Kohn *Shelley*
"The Birthday of a King"—Fred DeHart *Neidlinger*
"The Virgin's Lullaby"—Girls' Glee Club *Barnby*

Miss Kussy played the violin obligato for this selection.

Then came the big surprise, a two-act play, entitled "Christmas Boxes," in which eight Thalians took part. We enjoyed this little playlet very much indeed, and we give due credit to the Thalians for their work.

SCHOOL NEWS.

Looking ahead to the Girls' Indoor Athletic Meet next spring, Miss Patrick and Miss Punzelt have set aside Tuesdays for the girls to practice "field" events in the gym. These events will include shot put, rope climb, standing broad jump, running high jump and balance beams. As usual, medals will be awarded for all around ability in them, and a chance for gaining this ability is offered to everyone in the Tuesday afternoon class. Here's your chance to get a medal! Some night next spring the girls annual drill will be given. With the idea of preparing for this event and also of giving the girls something of an education in aesthetic and interpretive dancing, Miss Punzelt is going to use the gym on Thursday afternoons. In any school that a girl may attend after leaving Barringer, the more efficient she is in the technicalities of dancing the better off she will be. It is certainly a rare opportunity, and none of us are so graceful as to ignore it.

BESS McEVOY, *Ch*
NORMAN BERRY

SAM GREGORY
R. RICKENBACHER

Jest for Fun

CASHIMURA NOGO.

(Apologies to Wallace Irwin.)

To Ed. of ACROP.

Dear Ed. (though name are Irv.):

I make to you apologize. I have promise to retaliate narrate of conspirences in 41 R. Hon. A. V. T. Lat. Class but examtions are too proximity so nerve are depart et I dasn't. Howsumfor at erly morn our in A. M. part of forenoon Nogo find self to be locate in Jim sellar, common called Lock Room. Having make to remove of coatvest from truso et shoos from peddle constremities, Jap boy do jump to stares up where all mail studes make hasten to observe places. No. of Jap boy's spot are oblivein to I'm so Cash make to place self on Number C for Cashimura et letter 16 for yrs. age of oldness and repose tranquility sudden I receive Chef to expectorate, "Where Nogo are?" I yelp, "Hitherward!" Chef bubble, "Proceed to yonder at once." I went. Final Chef make anesthetic exercise for 10 min. then whelp sudden, "Squids write!—Yow!" Awl studes start walk, but I precede to Chef et inform same that I to have misfortune to left pencil et pen in coat et, cannot write squids or any kind. Chef through fitz but final recouver et complain, "Squids write" to be command for make march as 7th Regt. N. Y. N. G. Being ignorant I renig simple I are not nitiate to mystery of millinery eddication in my beautiful Nippon (same to be accusative case). Chef with payshunt respect of complinence investigate my brain with interpretions of "Squids write," et "Squids left." I go to place. Chef holler yet, "Squids write—Yow!" which Nogo endever to make, but Chef are exasperate and holler, "Stand at a tension." "Get into lime." I still persist wrongly tho trying to not, final Chef concush, "Squalom a Cods." I this comprehence having had previous nowledge of fish. I renig Chefward, "What to do about Cods?" Hon Couch die once, twice crosside before to replicate, then gasp faint for lacking of H_2O, "Puttiminthecoolerputtiminthecooler" (more gasp) "Connimccinnimsumbuddycanim." Understanding this languish to be French I holler I am Gen. Germ. of Course, when some person rasp my nek et awl are dark oflvion.

Your comrad in disgrase,

CASH. NOGO.

P. S.—I will yet some wright, for other ACROPS recitating new conspirence in Battalion if I no go to Central or Heaven first.

N. C.

Latin Teacher (as a confused murmur is heard while calling the roll)—All those not here stop answering!

Corkill (on Clifton car)—At which end shall I get off?

Conductor—Either end, they both stop.

Noble (at Fort Terry)—What's the cradle of that gun for?

Instructor—Why! That's for the little son of a gun.

Keating—I have a scar on my head.

Miss Hale—Oh! That's next to nothing.

Instructor—Is Manchee here?

Manchee—No, sir.

Miller—I hear Lippman made a good speech. What did he speak on?

Spinning—On the platform.

Duncan—Gee!! there's a hole in my cap.

1B Cummings—There's nothing in mine.

Stauffer—Gee! you certainly have big feet. They are just like canal boats.

Thorne—Watch out! You may take a ride on one of them.

1B (asking for a library slip)—I want to slip into the library.

Harrison (to drug clerk)—I want an empty bottle.

Clerk—I wouldn't charge anything if you had something put into it.

Bennet—Well, put a cork in it.

SMART BOY.

Teacher—Stop that noise. I can hardly read.

DeHart—Good night! I could read when I was six years old.

Teacher—Now you can remember marble.

Just then he pointed to his head and everybody smiled out loud.

Instructor—When do we get snow?

Himber—When the clouds freeze.

Teacher (to Ritchie)—You are not to have any written work before you. You are to recite from your empty head!

Teacher—Boyce, what causes water-spouts in the ocean?

Burke—Whales.

Barney—Mr. Jayson says if you just put a towel on your hands, they'll get dry, but I don't believe it.

Witsell—You never washed your hands, Barney!

Julia had a little horse,
  Its type was black and clear.
It carried her through Cicero
  With 90 for the year.
It went with her to class one day.
  The teacher found its tracks,
And "Clarkie" wished the little horse
  Had gone to Halifax!!

Teacher—I can see that your jaw is working.

Neal—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Well, come up here and put it in the basket.

Barney (telephoning to garage)—Come and take me home. I've turned turtle.

Voice—Aw, g'wan, you need an aquarium.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
  Eating a lunch-room pie;
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
  He fainted; 'tis thought he will die!—*Ex.*

1st Teacher—I just love watermelon, don't you?

2nd Teacher—Yes, but I do hate to get my ears wet!

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE.

He (passionately)—Give me a——

She (indignantly)—Sir!

He (continuing)—Piece of candy?

She (continuing)—tainly.—*Ex.*

SHADES OF SHAKESPEARE!

Narcissus and Gardinia were the servants of Portia and Bassanio.

Anthony offered a hornet to Caesar.

At the ripe age of twenty-one, Shakespeare was left desolate with three children and a wife eight years older than himself.

He had brought many captives home to Rome, whose rancids did the general coffins fill.—*Ex.*

Observe—I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day.

Observed—Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand.—*Ex.*

Barney to Gregory—Hey Sam, want to hear a good joke?

Sam—Sure, what is it?

Barney—Why, to-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

Sam—Hey, Barney, that's a wooden joke.

Barney—How's that?

Sam—It came from your head.

IN 37.

Teacher—Milton was very ready with his pen.

Terhune—He must have used *red* ink.

HEARD THE DAY OF THE BARRINGER-NEWTON GAME.

Newtonian—Well, I giss our corn-fed boys sure are holdin' them State Champions.

Casler to Dempsey—Hey, Bob, I wonder if there's anything good in this town?

Bob—Sure.

IN PHYSICS.

Teacher to Dempsey—How much would it cost to use a 10 kilowatt lamp for 3 hours?

Red (figuring to himself)—4—1—10—3=18 pence.

Teacher—As a quarterback you're no good in Physics.

Ten Eyck to Neal—Say, Judd, you know it doesn't pay to have a steady.

Judd—Oh, well, I'll take a *Brodie*.

Dick Maguire sure is *Grace*ful.

IN COOKING CLASS.

Teacher to Class—Now, you knead your dough.

Helen Hale—Yes, you bet I need it.

Casler—Gee! What is it?
Bob—The first train out.

Noble to Rhinehart—Say, Rhiney, the Newton police force sure is a nice looking fellow.

Dempsey to three Newton players who are piled up on him—Hey, get off my leg, your choking me.

Ten Eyck to Neal—Say, Judd, I guess we'll have to enlist in the battalion, because Mr. *Field* is going to start a division of nurses.
Judd—Gee! That sounds great, what kind of nurses are they going to be?
Lansing—Why-er, *Field* nurses, of course.

Barling to Chief—Say, Major, would it be all right for the swimming team to form a submarine division in are army?
Major Broadhead—No, Burt, it wouldn't be all right, because this is a temperance army.
Burt—*I didn't say schooners, I said submarines.*

Teacher—Lippman, you certainly live up to your name.
Alfred—That's from eating so much tongue.

Rathbone translating—Caesar sang a recitation.

IN 31.

Mr. Milwitzky to class—I was *raised* in Russia.
Voice in the rear—You weren't *raised* very far.

DEDICATED TO JUDD NEAL, ROOM 37.

Oh, I am a (,) cal cus,
With my (—) I create quite a fuss.
But to (:) a girl
Is (.) ical peril,
For her (? ?) keep me in a muss.—*Ex.*

Kilgus to Barney (who is looking around the corridors)—What are you doing, Ed?
Barney—I'm looking for an opportunity to get back on the Personal Department.

Barling to Walton (who appears to be very pensive)—What's the matter, Luke?
Walton—Oh, nothing, just memories of the future.

IN 25.

Teacher to Juliano (who is prompting Kaiser, who is reciting)—Don't prompt, please, we don't want to teach Kaiser to be a parrot.

IN PHYSIOGRAPHY.

Teacher—What is the Tropic of Capricorn?
Johnny 1B—A round imaginary circle.

IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Teacher to Miss Hallock—When did George II reign?
Mary—Why-er, after George I and just before George III.
Teacher—Very good, 10—in bluffing.

What a difference a comma or two makes!
Mea mater est mala sus.
My mother is an evil pig.
Mea, mater, est mala sus.
Come, mother, the pig is eating the apples.

Mr. Stearns—Come out and put the mass in mass meeting.

Has anybody here seen Al? Al who? Alcohol. Kerosene him yesterday but he hasn't benzine since. Gasolened up against a lamp post and took a nap*htha.*

Wack—Why do they call it *Wall* street?
Chittick—Bump into it and you'll find out.

Julia Clark (translating Latin)—But the thought of him, the mother—
Mr. King—Whose mother was he?

Miss Jacoby (in 26)—They filled the cups with wine until they foamed!

Dot Taylor—I never laughed myself so much before.

Mentz—I'm going off to—
Carrington——You act as tho you were off.

Rizzolo—The conquered were influenced by those they conquered.

Pucillo (describing the Roman circus)—Sometimes they put a lion against a tiger and sometimes a tiger against a lion.

Werner—There goes Goldberg coming back.

Stude—Have you heard of the new poison?
Teacher—No. What is it?
Student—Why, aeroplane poison. One drop and you're dead.

We all wonder why Mr. Dumm looked so happy one Monday morning?

Mr. Crosse—I don't see why if they call a dentist a doctor they don't call a watchmaker a doctor?
Terhune—Neither do I. They both work on faces.

We wonder why Mr. Dumm always looks at Idler when he wants to know the result of work?

We suppose the 1B's at the Christmas Play were expecting to have Santa Claus come out and give 'em all some presents.

This happened at Fort Terry last summer.
One of the fellows was watching the submarines when they dove about fifty yards off shore. The fellow ran out yelling that he was going to watch them come up on the other side of the island.

HIS OLD CRY.

Barney—Just you wait—the next time any personals are put in about me—well, just wait.

Mr. Dumm (making selections for a lecture)—Try to bring the musical instrument with you, Brown—the piano, Salzman—the pipe organ.

Mr. Hart—Third aisle stand. Kanengieser, get up.

Julia Clark—Gee! It's cold in here.
Idler—Do you want my coat to put around you?
Julia—Coat of arms?

Berry—Gosh! Who'll I ask to go to the ACROPOLIS meeting?
Idler—Don't ask me.

Kilgus (in shoe store)—I want a pair of shoes.
Clerk—What size?
Kilgus—I don't know, but I wear a 16 size collar.

First 1B—What did you get?
Second 1B—Nothing.
First 1B—What's nothing?
Second 1B—Oh! something.

Prof. (to a wicked 1B)—You'll make your mark some day.
1B—Where?
Prof.—Oh! on prison books or something similar.

Mr. Stearns—Is Miss —— here?
Mr. Mezger—Yes, but she isn't here now.

Carol Ricketts—I've been here every day this month.
Bellah—What d'ye mean? You're never all here.

Werner—Say kid, do you know there is a sentence that cannot be written correctly in English?
1B—What is it, mister?

PERSONALS.

Dan Noble—Gosh! I hope some of those teachers get in my squad. Maybe I wouldn't get square. Oh, no!

A NEW ANIMAL?

We wonder what kind of a dog a "Fort Terrier" is?
Answer next month.

Teacher (after a brilliant recitation)—What conclusion would you draw from this?
Voice in rear—That somebody studied his lesson.

Irving Idler's a cheerful young duck
Tho he has some awful tough luck.
In Latin he mutters.
In German he sputters.
He loses many a buck.

Anchisis Barton Strahan in Latin—Father wound himself around my feet.
Mr. King—That must have been some tackle!

Miss Beckhorn—I stayed all night in East Orange the other day.

Science Teacher—Does any girl know about the cleaning of silver by electrolysis?
Sach—Yes, I do.

Should a man be permitted to marry his widow's sister? Think it over.

Mr. Stearns (day before Thanksgiving)—No swimming practice to-morrow. At least we hope not! (But we did!)

Katherine Sayre—I've got a sneaky feeling round de heart, etc.

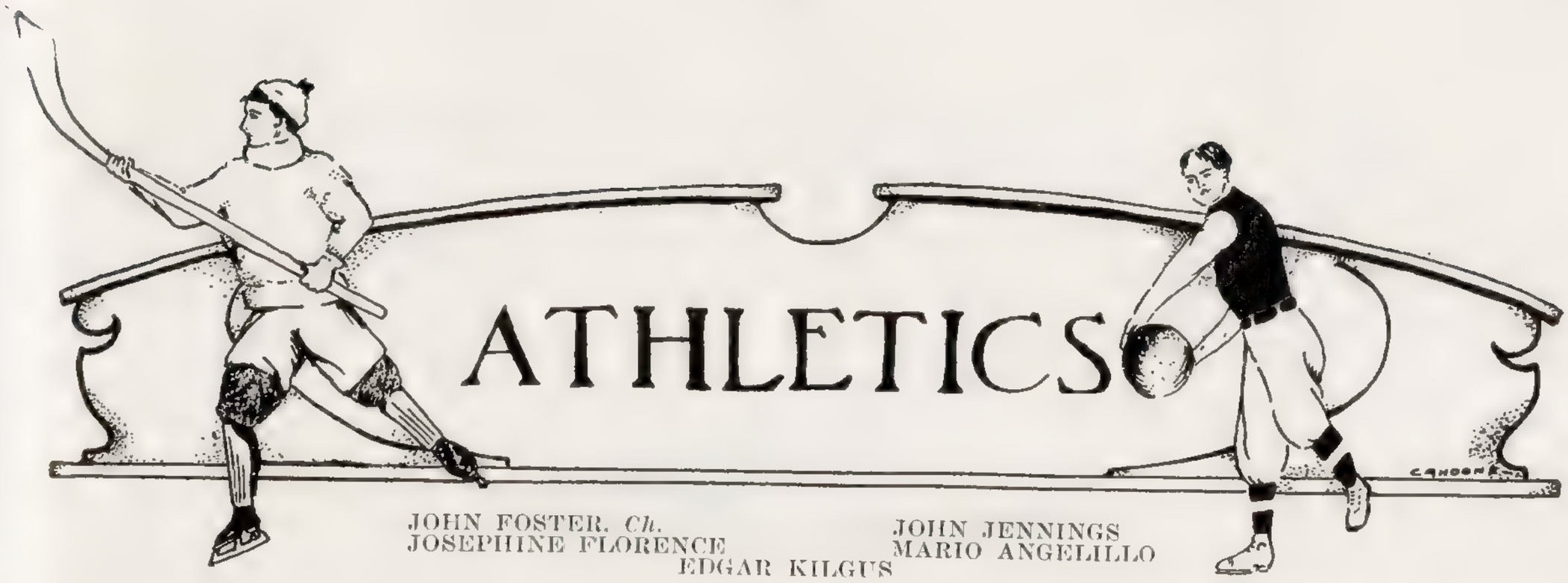
December 11 certainly was (Mr.) Doomsday.

Teacher—What is hard water?
Hayes—Ice.

Teacher—Why is hard water called so?
Miss Duncan—It's hard to soften.

Red Kilgus is an *Admiral* in the Barringer army.

Ten Eyck—I wonder what sort of a fellow drives his customers away.
Miss Roland—Why, a taxi driver.



DEMPSEY RE-ELECTED CAPTAIN.

Dempsey, to whom belonged the honor of being captain of the 1916 championship team, was re-elected to serve as captain of the 1917 team. Dempsey's work upon the gridiron this fall was of such a nature that it eliminated all other contenders for the captaincy.

The ACROPOLIS takes this opportunity to congratulate Bob upon his last year's success and to wish him all kinds of success as a leader of our 1917 team.

OUTLOOK FOR TRACK IS BRIGHT.

Coach Field's call for candidates for the track team brought out a number of new men as well as several veterans. Captain Witsell, with the assistance of Walton and Schaeffer, should have no trouble in taking care of the pole vaulting in this section. Ten Eyck, who was unable to compete last year on account of illness, will be with us again to look after all of the hurdles. S. Gregory, who was a find of last season, should work up into a star this season in the high jump. Among the sprinters at the present time, Dempsey is the most promising and in the mile and 880, Chittick should do well.

It is, however, from the new material that the majority of the men will be picked, as it is the Barringer custom to have a well balanced team rather than a few stars.

From all present indications Barringer should clean up in the city meet as well as the Interscholastic. So here's wishing them the best of success.

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. WITSELL.

At a meeting of the track men, Fred Witsell was reelected captain. Witsell, who is a veteran of three years, is practically our only consistent point winner, and he well deserves the honor bestowed upon him. Therefore, the ACROPOLIS takes this chance, on behalf of the school, to congratulate him. May the team under his guidance uphold the honor of Barringer in that division of sports.

CHITTICK IS RE-ELECTED.

Yardley Chittick, the star and captain of our cross country team last year, was reelected to guide the team next year as captain.

The cross country team under Chittick's guidance had an extremely successful season, and we wish to offer our congratulations to Chittick for his part in that success. We trust that next year's team under his leadership will be as successful as last year's team was.

BOWLING.

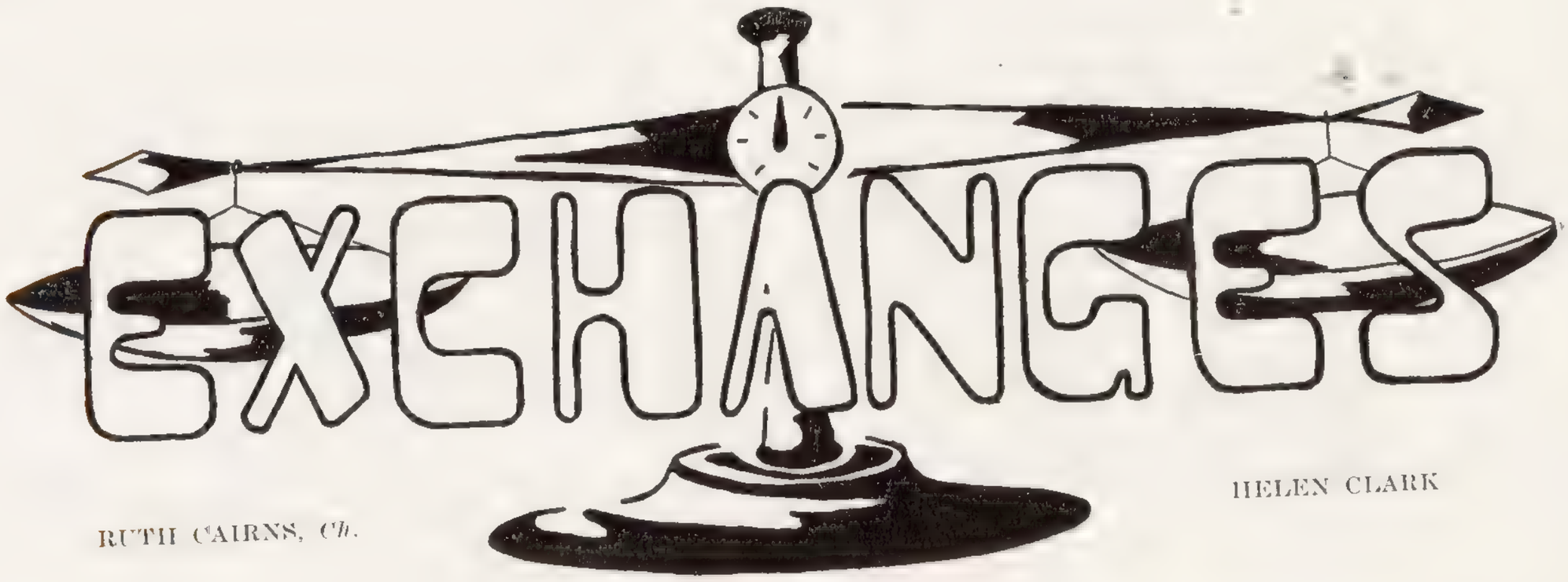
Little more can be said concerning the bowling team at the time this paper goes to press, than that it looks as if it will be a success. The averages given by the candidates for the team look rather good, and judging from those figures we shall have a successful team. The ACROPOLIS hopes this new comer in the field of sports has come to stay.

GIRLS' SWIMMING.

The girls' swimming practice is now well under way and progressing rapidly; thanks to Mrs. Broadhead, who is so kindly giving up two afternoons every week to coach the squads.

About fifty girls came out when the call for swimming was made several weeks ago and among them was some unexpectedly good material. The practice work just now consists mainly of speed in the crawl, straight diving and plunging. About seventeen girls have been picked for what temporarily is the first squad, most of which already have a fast crawl, a splendid dive and a good plunge to their credit.

Taken as a whole, the girls' swimming at B. H. S. is remarkably good. Anyone who could watch the Wednesday work would be not only surprised but proud to see how really good the girls are. The lists are still open for anyone who wants to try out.



RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.* HELEN CLARK

On account of lack of space in last month's issue of the ACROPOLIS, acknowledgment of the receipt of exchanges had to be omitted. We wish to thank our friends for the following papers received during these two months:

Artisan, Academic Herald, Academy Journal, Apokeepsian, Artisan, Boys' Lantern, Brown Daily Herald, Budget, Casenovian, College News, Columbia Alumni News, Commercial Caravel, Commercial Record, Conwayan, Cornell Era, Crescent, Crimson and White, Crucible, Curtis Monthly, Daleville Leader, East Orange High School News, Furrow, Fratech, Fornum, High School Chronicle, High School Herald, Howard Times, Ingot, Kernel, Key, Knick Knacks, Lafayette, Lassell Leaves, Lawrence, Lit, Massachusetts Collegian, Mirror, Observer, Office Topics, Omnibus, On Bounds, Optimist, Orient, Owl, Pace Student, Polymnian, Polytechnic, Princeton Pictorial, Purple and White, Putnam Hall Chronicle, Pennsylvania Punch Bowl, Ramble, Reading Echo, Red and Black, Review, Shucis, Shuttle, Sketch Book, Spectator, Spectator, Sunnyside, Syracuse Daily Orange, Tatler, Tattler, Torch, Tuskegee Student, Valkyrie, Vincentian, Wesleyan Argus, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, Williams Record, Yale Alumni Weekly, Yale University Bulletin, Yellow and Blue.

You have a very neat paper. "Lit" is quite long but lacks "pep." Get a little more quality rather than quantity. Jokes mixed among the advertisements give the reader a bad impression.

THE OMNIBUS,
H. S., FRANKLIN, PA.

We like your paper as a whole. "A Wild Adventure" is very realistic. Your paper would be improved by placing "Lit" before Editorials. Also, Exchanges might be fuller. The General Information Test is a fine one.

KNICK KNACKS,
SHADY SIDE ACADEMY,
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Here is about the best paper we have received this month, and certainly one of the best of the term. With the exception of the lack of a table of contents, we haven't a fault to find. The cover of the December issue is pretty, though so simple, and the quality of paper itself is excellent. However, to us, the feature of the *Forum* is its colored illustrations to stories and jokes. They're simply great! We also like the original idea of giving a page each to the Latin, French and German Clubs, and having them written in these respective languages.

THE FORUM,
SENN H. S.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Your Christmas number is dandy. The cover is sure spiffy and all the departmental headings are indeed clever. Your art and your jokes are the best part of your paper. In fact, we are borrowing a few of the latter. We should like to see the exchanges criticized more fully, however. Your "Lit" department is rather lengthy, and athletics are well written. Thus ends our little say.

THE ORIENT,
EAST SIDE H. S.,
NEWARK, N. J.

You have a very neat paper, although it is small. Where is your exchange department? A joke section and a few cuts would also improve your paper.

THE FURROW,
N. Y. STATE SCHOOL
OF AGRICULTURE,
FARMINGDALE,
LONG ISLAND.

You have a fine little paper. "Sammy's Prayer" is very good. But don't you think your editorials should come after the "Lit?" How about your "ads?" Isn't it a little hard to run a paper with no outside assistance in the way of advertisements?

THE SHUTTLE,
H. S. OF PRACTICAL ARTS,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

We wish to congratulate you on your fourteen pages of "ads." That's certainly doing business. We note with surprise that all the positions on your Board of Editors, except those of Athletics, Business, and Advertising Managers, are held by girls, including, even that of Editor-in-Chief. Don't the boys of your school care enough about their paper to try for positions on its Board? Literary and Editorials are both good, as are also the Society Notes. Why not place the Alumni Notes, School News, and Athletics under definite departmental headings? Your exchanges are criticized too fully and not enough papers are spoken of. We find no acknowledgments of exchanges received, and no table of contents.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,
CRIMSON AND WHITE,
MILNE H. S., ALBANY, N. Y.

By far the best part of your paper is its "lit." Judging by the quality of the first installment of your new serial story, we predict all kinds of success. Your departmental headings show real genius and add a lot to the paper's general appearance. However, we find no alumni or school news, and no table of contents. It is considered better form to place the editorials after the literary section.

THANKSGIVING NUMBER,
THE COMET,
H. S., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

You need some cuts and a little "pep," but otherwise we think you're all right. The poem, "Babduscka" is exceptional. Humor and Exchanges might be enlarged.

THE TORCH,
DOYLESTOWN, PA.

For what there is of it, the *Aster* is almost "O. K." with its neat cover, fine quality paper, full literary department, and good editorials. But one must admit Exchanges and Notes to be pretty short sections. Would it not be possible to run an alumni as well as a joke section? These two would greatly improve your whole paper and advance its sales.

NOVEMBER ISSUE,
THE ASTER,
MISS CRAVEN'S SCHOOL,
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The general quality of your whole magazine is lowered by its poor paper. Of course, paper is expensive, but couldn't you do better? Your Literary, Athletic, and Who's Who sections do credit to the *Spectator*. Why not combine School Notes and Societies into one good-sized department on school activities, and, instead, let the Exchange Editor do some work? Alumni Notes might also be lengthened into a regular department. We don't find any personal jokes on the students. Why not?

JANUARY NUMBER,
SPECTATOR,
HIGH SCHOOL,
PATERSON, N. J.

You certainly have quality as well as quantity to your literary department. Athletics, Editorials and Jokes are rather brief, however. Your editorials ought to be placed after the literature. We cannot say a whole lot in praise of your quality of paper, nor of the general art. Where, oh where, is your Exchange department? We think you might at least acknowledge the receipt of other papers.

NOVEMBER ISSUE,
THE CHRONICLE,
PUTNAM HALL,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Your November number is quite a dandy. Its art and cuts are interesting, its paper fine, and its whole atmosphere is one of neatness. But why not combine the Personals and Jokes in one big humorous department? We find no acknowledgement of receipt of exchanges, and those papers that are mentioned, are not criticized fully enough. You need more stories; we see but one. Why stick advertisements in among Personals and Jokes?

THE SKETCH BOOK,
WESTINGHOUSE H. S.,
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Congratulations on your ability to get along without any advertisements. We don't see just how you do it. The cover to your Thanksgiving number is neat, and Jokes is your best and biggest department. Where is the heading to your "lit" section and where is an acknowledgement of receipt of exchanges? An alumni department would help your paper.

THE KEY,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

You have a dandy bunch of advertisements but why stick them between the Literary department and the Editorial? Much more room should be given to Exchanges and Jokes. The receipt of exchanges should be acknowledged at the beginning of that department. Your table of contents would look better on a separate page. More cuts would liven up the paper.

THE READING ECHO,
H. S., FLEMINGTON, N. J.

From our Academy friends we welcome this unusually dandy issue. Your School Gossip and Sport columns are your best this month. We wish to congratulate you on the headings to these departments. Some art! Stories and other "lit" are good. Alumni Notes ought to be lengthened and your jokes should be placed in a separate section by themselves. We wish you success in your conquest of "ads."

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,
THE POLYMNIAN,
NEWARK ACADEMY.

GRADUATE NOTES

ELSIE DEY, *Ch.* JOS. RATHBONE

LOUIS KAISER

Lafayette

STUDENT ACTIVITIES AT LAFAYETTE.

The college which is not always on the "go" is a poor college indeed. There is always something to do at Lafayette. The night before college opens the "Fresh" are assembled by the Juniors and led away to some secret meeting place. Here they are instructed and encouraged by the upper classmen. Then the Freshmen attempt to surprise the Sophs, rush to the center of the campus, give their class yell, and remain there until the judges fire a revolver to disperse. This year the Freshmen won the campus rush and the annual Sophomore-Freshman football game, but the Sophomores took their revenge in the cane rush and banner scrap.

For the students who are athletically inclined, there is football, soccer, baseball, track, basketball, tennis, fencing, handball, and gymnasium work. Lafayette holds an enviable record in all lines of athletic endeavor. Especially cherished are the football victories over Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Lehigh. This year the college has produced a championship cross-country team and is hoping for more victories in the spring. It is the Lafayette spirit of coöperation, good fellowship, and perseverance which has made such victories possible in the past and which insures greater ones in the future.

Lafayette has music with everything. The College Band is a permanent organization. The only requirement for membership is a willingness to work, for Mr. F. W. Freeman, the director, gives free lessons to all candidates. The advantages derived from joining the band are numerous. It travels with the football team to Princeton, Philadelphia, and Bethlehem. In the spring a concert trip is usually made. These trips cost the students nothing, and a great deal of enjoyment is to be had from them. Besides the band there are the Ukelele Club, the Syncopated Seven, the Saxophone Quartet, the Glee Club and several other musical organizations. The advantages of these clubs are the same as for the band. Closely connected with these activities is the Sock and Buskin. Two excellent plays are given every year. Places in the cast and chorus are competitive, and only those making good are elected to membership.

The two oldest clubs of Lafayette are the Washington Literary Society and the Franklin Literary Society. The former has rooms furnished in dark oak and modeled after the House of Lords in Parliament, while the latter is decorated with mahogany and patterned after our Senate Chamber. These societies furnish opportunity for oratory, parliamentary practice, debate, and extemporaneous speaking. Interesting meetings are conducted every Wednesday evening. Two oratorical contests are held yearly in which generous prizes are awarded. A debating team is maintained in Lafayette. This year a great deal of enthusiasm was displayed at the trials, and indications point to a very successful season.

There are fourteen fraternities at Lafayette and an active Y. M. C. A. Membership insures a very pleasant and social life. Thus every student is assured of a place in college life if he but tries. It is gratifying to see the large number which takes advantage of these opportunities. To work for Lafayette's welfare is the highest ambition of every member of her student body.

Lafayette Notes

Herbert "Dick" Diamond is taking a course at the New York Dental School.

Clifford Rood is in the Freshman class at Syracuse University.

Rogers Bruce Johnson, Barringer '13, Harvard, '17, and Theodore Lang, Barringer '13, Harvard '17, were awarded scholarships for this year at Harvard.

Lynn Steadman changed from Cornell to Syracuse University.

Louis Bondy is preparing for the legal profession at the New Jersey Law School.

Edwin Wintermute is now a Junior at the New Jersey Law School. While at Barringer he was on the ACROPOLIS Art Department.

Gordon Berla and Harold Gregory are Freshmen at Stevens Tech.

JUNIORS vs. SOPHOMORES.

(*Continued from page 23.*)

In the fastest game of the series the Sophomores turned the trick on the Juniors and came out at the long end of a 13-10 score. In the opening session after five minutes' of fast work the Juniors scored. Not to be outdone the Sophs got busy and caged one basket before the period ended. The guards on both sides held well and kept the centers busy but—

In the second half Miss Priester went in as a forward. From then on it was a bitter struggle with Miss Priester in the lime-light for the Sophs and Miss Knust starring for the Juniors. The Sophs dropped 10 points into the cage and added one from a free throw. The Juniors strove hard in a dazed manner and secured 8 points. They missed a free throw and the whistle blew. Game over and joy dead.

For the Sophs Miss Priester was verily the time-honored "tower of strength." With her lengthy reach she did not seem to have much trouble in caging the leather. Miss R. Rathbone covered her opponent well. Miss Knust was a marksman, shooting goals from any angle. In the center, Nan Ehring and Dot Kopeloff were not so effective as against the Freshies, although their passing was good, as usual. The line up:

Juniors—10.		Sophs—13.
Miss Knust	Forward.	Miss Priester
Miss Martin	Forward.	Miss Wandling
Miss Elvring	Junior Center.	Miss Odell
Miss Kopeloff	Sophs Center.	Miss Ried
Miss Ward	Guard.	Miss Rathbone
Miss Florence	Guard.	Miss Mackin

SENIORS vs. FRESHMEN.

The Seniors lived up to old-time standards and easily defeated the Freshmen. They took their time and had a little scoring spree all of their own which eventually tallied them 8 points. The Freshmen managed to secure 3 points which, of course, the Seniors should never have allowed to happen. This, however, happened because they had four subs in. The line up:

Seniors—8.		Freshmen—3.
Stevens	Forward.	Searles
Poland	Forward.	Hock
Cairns	Junior Center.	Burrows
Bardsley	Senior Center.	Lefkowitz
Beauchelle	Guard.	Kopeloff
Klehm	Guard.	Zauner

Subs—Pomroy, guard; Berthold, forward.

'RAY FOR THE "BABEE"!

(*Continued from page* 15.)

"Very well, Mr. Jipson," she said at last, through Madam's sobs—Madame was having the time of her life taking toll of the sympathy of the bystanders—"if you so insist I shall overlook this because *you* ask it. But if I should suffer any serious consequences—well—"

After which she marched away, which was really just as well, as Madame promptly flung herself on Jipson.

"You have save' my babee!" she sobbed. "Oh, Meestair Jipson, zair is no thing I will not do to repay. Here, let heem kiss you wiz hees lit-tle tong,' the 'thank you.' You ar-re so good! No — But yes!" Suddenly she straightened up with the air of a martyr, and announced dramatically, "Meestair Jipson, I will even *dance* for you! Yes! To-night! And thus my debt will I pay."

Al just concluded his job was o'er, so he started on a search for Charlotte. When he found her he called her a "brick" and a darling, and expressed a firm conviction that, with her quick wits to aid him, prosperity and success in life were absolutely assured.

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